

love and rain by rmonaflowers

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eddie is moving away. but richie has something important that he has to tell him.

i'm so sorry that this sucks i wrote it in like half an hour

love and rain

“Edssss. Come *on* . Why do you have to leave me?”

Eddie rolled his eyes. Richie’s whining was slowly grating on him and besides, it was getting late. He had to go soon; his mom was texting him nonstop.

Richie draped himself over Eddie’s lap, his glasses sliding up his face as he hung upside down. His big, dark brown eyes were staring at Eddie with big dots of light swirled in them, and Eddie didn’t know how to feel. God, was he... kind of cute?

No, Eddie, you absolute goddamn idiot. Eyes on the prize.

“You’re such an idiot. Can you stop clinging to me, *please* ?” Eddie groaned, pushing Richie off of his lap as his glasses fell to the floor.

Richie made a small yelp that sounded weird as hell. “Eds, you dick! Why are you rejecting my love?” He pantomimed giving Eddie a kiss on the cheek. “Can’t you just accept it?”

“I promise you that you are not in love with me. And if you were, you wouldn’t confess it to me in my final minutes.”

Richie grinned. “Final minutes. So ominous. Are you dying?” His face quickly changed expressions to an annoying, overdramatic frown. “Don’t die on me Eddie-bear! Don’t leave me al-”

Eddie pushed him away and rolled his eyes yet again. With Richie, half of their conversations were just Eddie rolling his eyes at whatever Richie was saying.

“Richie, my mom has been texting me literally a million times. I’m sorry, our plane is leaving in four hours. I just came by to say goodbye. Again, I’m sorry, Rich, I just have to go.”

Surprisingly, Richie was actually silent. It was strange, standing in his living room with him with no bad one-liners. They stood in silence for a second before Richie-finally- opened his mouth.

“Do you have to go?”

Suddenly, Eddie felt a furious blush creep up his face. Wait, what? Oh god, what was happening?

“I mean... yeah? Are you trying to be funny?”

Richie sighed. “Eds... I... uh, I just...” He trailed off, biting his lip. Eddie was really confused. Why was Richie acting like this? Was Eddie just a complete idiot?

It was silent in Richie’s empty, cold house for a few solid seconds before Eddie shook his head. “Sorry, Richie. God, I just, I have to go. I wish I could stay, I really do. But I can’t.”

Again, Richie was completely quiet.

It was so completely awkward. He’d probably never see his best friend again and this was their final conversation? He just wanted to leave the house without glancing back at Richie... dear God, one final time.

But he did anyway.

Ugh, he thought, grabbing his coat from the closet. *Just stop thinking about it, Eds. You just need to walk home and stop thinking about it.*

He opened the front door, and- oh my God, it was pouring outside. Dumping buckets of thick, dark rain, with you being barely even able to see the house across the street. He was going to get soaked, and before they drove to the airport his mom was going to make a pit stop at the hospital to make sure he wouldn’t catch a cold. Ugh. But whatever, he’d just have to deal with it.

“Eddie.”

He whipped around to see Richie with his stupid curly hair and his stupid tattered Converse and stupid voice offering him a black umbrella, the trace of a smile of his lips. “Might want to take this. Y’know, so you don’t get cancer.”

Eddie laughed. “I hate you, Richie,” he said, grabbing the umbrella

and actually smiling at Richie for once in his life.

“See you around, Eddie Spaghetti.”

It wasn't until Eddie was half a block down when he realized that he forgot to tell Richie to not call him “Eddie Spaghetti.” But... why did that even matter? Was he going to miss Richie? Why was he suddenly feeling like this?

He looked up at the gray, raining sky before a familiar, annoying voice drowned the rest of his thoughts out.

“EDDIE! EDS!”

Before he could react, Richie Tozier, soaked to the bone and looking, oh my fucking god, he looked cute, was staring him straight in the face.

“Ri-”

And then Richie was kissing him.

Eddie's brain short-circuited, trying to form a coherent thought before defaulting to *Richie's lips are soft*, and for a horrible second he realized that he wasn't kissing Richie back. So he did.

Richie's lips were dreamy and amazing and tasted like apples- which Eddie didn't expect. He felt like Richie was a completely different person when he kissed him, like all the stars aligned into just... them.

Eddie was crying by the time Richie finally pushed them apart, both of them soaking wet and in love. God, Eddie was an idiot. How did he not know any of this before? How did he not know any of this about himself?

“Richie... I... I have to go.”

“Eddie...”

Suddenly, Eddie was sobbing. And then he was laughing. “I love you Richie. I'm such a fucking moron, and this is so stupid how we're kissing here and... and now, and-”

“Eddie. Eddie. I’ll be okay.”

This time, Eddie kissed him, breathing life into Richie with love and passion... and my God, why was this so cliché? Why did this happen now?

Richie pressed their foreheads together and kissed Eddie’s temple. He was laughing. “We’re so fucking idiotic, Eds.”

He had to go. They didn’t have time.

“Richie.”

Richie looked up at him.

“Don’t call me Eds.”

Author's Note:

i hope you like this even though it fuckin sucks lmao.
this is the first fic i've ever written and i just wanted
it to be a short fluff prompt :)
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